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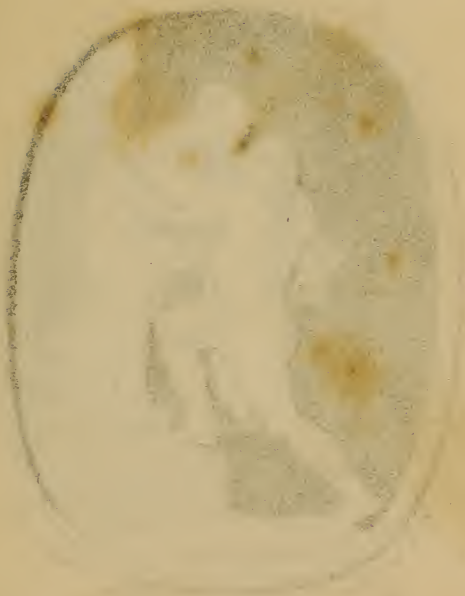


# HERO & LEANDER.

Pub. May 31, 1802. by Payne & Mackinlay, Strand.

MISCELLANEOUS

# TRANSLATIONS

AND

# IMITATIONS

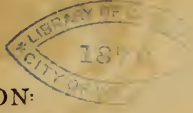
OF THE

# *MINOR GREEK POETS,*

BY

J. B. S. MORRITT, ESQ.

*Non præter solitum leves.* HOR. lib. i. od. 6.



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# THE LOVES

OF

# HERO AND LEANDER.

*From the Greek of Musæus.*

Sing, heav'nly Muse, the torches conscious fires,
The friend of secret loves, and stol'n desires,
And the bold youth on boisterous surges born,
To fatal nuptials undescry'd by morn,
And Sestos and Abydos, and the night,
Witness of Hero's flame, and Hymen's sacred rite.
For ah! I hear Leander's drowning cries,
And ah! the faithless torch together dies,

The torch by Venus still ordain'd to prove
The fav'ring beacon of clandestine love;
Th' inviting torch, fed by the lovely dame,
To adorn her nuptials with no common flame,
To Cupid dear, which ought with deathless rays,
Fix'd by Jove's hand, in night's bright train to blaze,
The star of wedded love; for still its fires
Propitious glow'd, the friend of soft desires;
Still to the bedless Hymen faithful shone,
Till the sharp storm and envious winds had blown.
But come, and oh! your softest numbers bring,
With me the dying flame, the dying lover sing.

On shores scarce parted by the narrow main,
Sestos, Abydos held a neighbouring reign;
Love hover'd o'er, and with a single dart
In either city pierc'd a mutual heart.

From fair Abydos young Leander's line,

And Sestos, Hero, saw the source of thine.

The rival stars with equal lustre shone,

The fairest boast of each admiring town.

Tell, Muse, for ah you know, the long lost tower

Whence Hero's beacon mark'd th' appointed hour,

Near old Abydos, tell the boist'rous streight

That saw Leander's love, and mourns his fate,

And how induc'd the wand'ring lover came

To waken and to feel a mutual flame.

Favour'd by Jove was Hero's noble line,

Herself the priestess of the Cyprian shrine,

Spotless and pure, no lover yet had led

Her virgin beauties to the genial bed;

Still in her tower wash'd by the raging sea,

Far from her friends she liv'd in privacy:

Fair as the Cyprian queen, the bashful maid
Still shunn'd the world, and wisdom's voice obey'd,
Nor sought the female crowd's contagious harms,
Nor grac'd the choral dance with Hebe's charms,
Where the loud laugh the vacant soul exprest,
And thoughtless mirth corrupted every breast.
But still to Venus rose the suppliant vow,
Still with fresh fires her crowded altars glow,
Join'd with the archer god's her honour'd name,
The nymph invokes to avert th' impending flame;
But ah! nor prayers can melt, nor offerings move,
To arrest th' inevitable shafts of love.
The circling year brought round the festal joy,
To Venus sacred, and her Syrian boy. [a]
To this from every isle a mirth-led train
Crouds in glad numbers to the Sestian plain;

[a] Adonis.

Hæmonia these, or sea-girt Cyprus pours,
And every nymph deserts Cythera's towers;
On Liban's tops no flute's enlivening sound
Wakes the blithe dance, while incense breathes around,
And Phrygia there, and there Abydos flies,
And every neighb'ring plain deserted lies,
And every youth with softer passions blest
Hears the glad call, and comes a welcome guest.
Still dear to them the festal hour returns,
But not to heaven alone their incense burns,
Th' assembled nymphs their am'rous homage share,
And beauty triumphs o'er religious fear.

But Love, when Hero to the fane draws nigh,
Fires her warm cheek, and lightens in her eye:
Less bright the ray that gilds the dimpling main
When Cynthia rises on the heavenly plain;

Her snowy cheek with fresh vermilion glows,
And more than emulates the varied rose;
Here bloom the roses in a purer bed,
And tinge each iv'ry limb with dubious red;
But now returning where she treads the ground,
Flowers at her feet spontaneous rise around,
And every limb where countless graces throng
Disproves the ancient bard's fallacious song.
Three graces only knew the simple strain,
In Hero's laughing eyes a hundred reign;
Had Venus seen her, of her vot'ry proud,
She'd own'd her priesthood, and her charms allow'd,
For far superior o'er the sex she tower'd,
And seem'd herself the goddess she ador'd.

Now every youth, a prey to warm desires,
Forms secret vows, and to the prize aspires;

Where from the lofty fane her footsteps turn,
There their eyes fasten, there their souls are borne,
And thus while every heart her pow'r allows,
Some wond'ring youth his am'rous mind avows:
'I too to Sparta bent my willing feet,
Where Beauty triumphs in her fav'rite seat,
Old Lacedemon's walls—but ah! not there
E'er found a form so young, so bright, so fair.
Oh! youngest grace of Cytherea's train!—
Untir'd I gaze, tho' every glance is pain;
In Hero's arms enamour'd might I lie,
Be blest a moment, in the next to die;
Thank prosp'rous fate that made the virgin mine,
Nor change with Jove, to prove a lot divine—
Ah, Venus! pardon, I thy nymph adore;
Such be my wife, and I will bless thy pow'r.'

So some rash youth exclaim'd; another found
More deep the pain, and nurs'd the secret wound:
But you, Leander, by your fates betray'd,
Saw, lov'd, ador'd, nor sought concealment's aid,
And soon a prey to all-subduing charms,
Disdain'd a life you led not in her arms.
Deep in your breast tumultuous flames arise,
As Love's bright fires flash frequent from her eyes;
(Nor e'er so sure is Beauty's fatal dart
As the coy maid's whose prudery veils her art;
Our wond'ring eyes first own her soft controul,
Then spreads the pest o'er all th' infected soul.)
Thus fares the youth, and awe, and fear, and shame,
Divide his breast, and shake his trembling frame;
Fear racks his heart, shame fires his blushing cheek,
Awe keeps him silent, passion bids him speak;

By love embolden'd now, now half afraid,
With firmer steps he seeks th' unconscious maid;
There forms each feature with dissembled art,
There tries each access of th' unguarded heart;
The beck, the sigh, the smile insidious proves,
Nor vain the triumph if the virgin loves.

Now whilst the watchful youth his homage press'd,
With joys unusual throbs her artless breast,
And oft her glowing cheek the maid conceals,
Returns his sighs, and owns the flame she feels;
Oft from her lover turns with shame away,
Who knows the dawn of love, and hails the op'ning day.
The glaring sun now gilt the western plain,
The star of night hung trembling o'er the main,
Leander saw at last the deep'ning shade,
And flew with transport to the much lov'd maid,

There unperceiv'd amidst the issuing throng,
Seiz'd her warm hand, and heav'd the sigh more strong.
Fictitious anger sparkling in her eyes,
Silent she snatch'd away the blushing prize;
He mark'd the flutt'rings of her melting soul,
And dragg'd with hand profane th' embroider'd stole.
Then to the inmost temple's last retreat
Struggling and slow he led her trembling feet,
While on her lips th' unwilling menace hung,
And female threats thus faulter'd from her tongue:
'Stranger, what madness! why, unhappy maid,
Am I thus forc'd to yonder faithless shade?
Seek some more willing prize—your hold resign,
And dread the vengeance of a house like mine.
Each hand profane the nymphs of Venus dread,
Nor cheap the conquest of a virgin bed.'

Such were her cries, such cries as maidens use
When first an ardent wish'd-for lover sues,
And while she spoke Leander's eager eyes
Read all her soul, and scorn'd the thin disguise:
(When fir'd by anger seems a lovely dame,
Her threats are omens of a softer flame.)
Her roseate neck with burning lips he prest,
And all on fire the trembling nymph address'd:
'Oh, Cyprian goddess! oh, Athenian maid!
Dear matchless nymph, no more your lover dread:
Beyond your beauteous sex your charms I own,
Match'd by th' immortal seed of Jove alone;
Blest was the sire, and blest the favour'd fair,
When such an offspring crown'd their mutual prayer:
If passion cannot melt, let pity move,
Hear but the vows, the suppliant vows of love.

No more in vain the Cyprian queen implore,
Join in her rites, and own her genial power:
When at her shrine a maiden priestess bows,
Immortal Venus hates the sterile vows:
Seek you, sweet nymph, to celebrate to-night
Her sacred orgies, her mysterious rite;
For you young Hymen lights his purest fires;
Love you your queen? feel what her son inspires—
Lur'd by his arts, and captiv'd by his arms,
From him I come the suppliant of your charms;
Might I to husband change the suppliant's name—
So great Alcides serv'd the royal dame,
When winged Hermes gave the soft command,
And the light distaff trembled in his hand;
But Venus here, not Hermes, bound the chain,
The queen of beauty, not the power of gain;

You know the story, of the fate beware,
The fate that ruin'd erst th' Arcadian fair;
Scornful like you young Atalanta stood,
Nor mark'd his vows, while Meleager sued,
Till angry Venus taught his heart to rove,
And curs'd her haughty soul with hopeless love—
Ah, lovely nymph! be wise, such vengeance you may
prove.'
Thus while with vows he melts her yielding soul,
By slow degrees th' insidious passion stole,
And still to earth she turn'd her swimming eyes,
Her conscious face a brighter crimson dyes;
Silent, and soft she treads, or round her neck
Draws high the cloak, and veils her glowing cheek;
Dear certain signs of love: the sweet consent
Of silent maids is trebly eloquent;

For Hero prov'd at last the pleasing smart,
The treach'rous poison rankled at her heart,
Leander's charms her eyes, her soul confest,
And unresisted passion storm'd her breast;
His eager eyes, while her's on earth were cast,
Fix'd on her roseate neck, new beauties trac'd,
And shame, while thus she frames the soft reply,
Fires her moist cheek, and clouds her glist'ning eye:
'Stranger, th' insidious words your love inspires
Would melt the senseless stone with mutual fires;
What master taught your tongue its treach'rous charm
To enchant our reason, and our pride disarm?
Ah me! why came you to this peaceful plain?
Hopeless your love, for, ah! your vows are vain:
Forgetful of herself, shall Hero lead
An unknown wanderer to the nuptial bed?

Nor tears nor prayers my father's soul could move
To tie th' unequal band, tho' join'd by love;
Nor should you, stranger, here your wand'rings cease,
Could love's clandestine joys our union bless,
For sharp the sland'rous tongue; in vain conceal'd,
The deeds of silence are to fame reveal'd.
But say your name, and whence the favour'd line
That boasts your birth; you know already mine;
Unhappy Hero! by a sire's command,
Where yonder turret marks the Sestian strand,
Immur'd, attended by a single maid,
Joyless the dull unvalued hours I lead;
The converse sweet of friends, the dance more gay,
Defraud not there the melancholy day,
But night and morn the sadly sounding shore
Rings to my deafen'd ear th' incessant roar.'

She said, and blushing veil'd her crimson cheek,
While shame disown'd what love constrain'd to speak.
Leander's mind, the sport of warm desires,
Revolv'd the various schemes that love inspires,
(Deep in all artful breasts, the rankling dart
Renews with every thought th' incessant smart,
And Love, who spreads o'er all his soft controul,
Prompts the keen wit, and spurs th' inventive soul;)
So young Leander shar'd his treach'rous aid,
And fraught with all his arts, address'd the maid:
'If lurid flames in every dang'rous wave
Mark'd to my vent'rous youth an early grave,
I come, tho' ships, tho' sailors pale retire,
To brave for thee, sweet maid, the flood of fire;
Yes, to your arms I come, from shore to shore,
In every whit'ning surge, tho' tempests roar;

But fav'ring Hellespont for us shall flow,
And bear my nightly vows to love and you;
Nor long the road—across the narrow streight,
In fair Abydos is my neighb'ring seat;
Let but one beacon from your sea-beat tow'r
Pierce the thick gloom, and mark th' appointed hour,
Whose flame shall steer my vent'rous course afar,
Fraught with the stores of love, my leading star:
Unmark'd by me Boötes setting light,
Orion blazing in the brow of night,
The wain unwash'd by all-surrounding sea,
For rays more fav'ring cheer my weary way.
But ah! with caution guard the trembling fire,
Or lost in whistling winds my hopes expire;
Still from their rage secure the beacon hide,
Light of my life, my guardian, and my guide.

Ask you the lover's name that seeks your arms?
Leander, spouse of Hero's matchless charms.'
Thus to clandestine joys their souls agreed,
And call'd young Hymen to their secret bed;
Vow'd to prepare the torch ordain'd to prove
At once the harbinger and friend to love:
'Tis her's to feed the flame, while rashly brave
He dares the deep, and stems th' inconstant wave:
Fond nuptial vows console each wav'ring heart,
Which stern necessity constrains to part.
Back to the tow'r she hies, that tow'r around
Cautious he treads, and marks th' uncertain ground,
Veil'd in the deep'ning shade, then courts the gale,
And for Abydos spreads a loit'ring sail.
Each anxious heart anticipates delight,
And oft impatient sighs, and calls the genial night;

At length the night resumes her dusky reign,
Spreads the blue veil, and seals the eyes of men:
Not so Leander's; on the wave-worn strand
He waits the nuptial sign of love's command,
Oft looks if yet it gild the distant shade,
And call to Hero's hymeneal bed,
When gen'ral clouds had quench'd the glare of day,
Appear'd at length the long expected ray;
Love stole from thence the flame, and warm desire
Glow'd in Leander's breast with rival fire;
But list'ning still the melancholy roar
Of breaking billows on the mad'ning shore,
Fear-struck awhile he stood, at last address'd
In words like these his more determin'd breast:
'Ah, love relentless! ah, unpitying main!
But love's keen fire your waves resist in vain;

Inspir'd with all his flames their fury dare;
Rouse, tim'rous heart; what horror daunts you there?
Know that from thence your Cytherea rose,
Queen of the sea, protectress of your woes.'
He stripp'd his beauteous frame, his temples round
In firmer folds the varied robe he bound,
Sprung from the sand, and with impetuous leap
Resolv'd, and fearless dash'd the dang'rous deep,
Then steering by the light with active limbs,
Self-pois'd, self guided, self-supported swims.

High on her tow'r the long expecting dame
Guards from the threat'ning blasts th' unsteady flame,
And many a cautious veil around she spreads,
Till gain'd at last the Sestian shore he treads.
Her door he found, and there in silence blest,
Panting and faint, she strain'd him to her breast,

Whilst all his hair the briny ocean fill'd,
And drops slow trickling in her arms distil'd:
They sought the virgin chamber's inmost room,
Prepar'd the bath, applied the soft perfume;
Sweet, roseate, rich; its odours soon repair
Th' ungrateful brine, and clear the genial air;
Soon on the high-rais'd conscious couch reclin'd,
Her glowing limbs the breathless youth entwin'd,
And am'rous thus she cried—'Much suff'ring youth,
Whose matchless toils evince his matchless truth;
Much suff'ring youth, alas! the surges past,
From yonder briny wave scarce sav'd, at last,
At last you come; on this enamour'd breast
Your cares, your labours, and your sorrows rest.'
She said, whilst he the virgin zone unbound,
And smiling Venus all their wishes crown'd.

No choral dance the secret Hymen led,

No solemn hymn approach'd their silent bed,

The sacred vow no holy minstrel blest,

No flaming torch the nuptial chamber grac'd,

In festive rounds no bridal dancer sprung,

No sire, no mother, hymeneals sung;

Silence and secrecy the couch provide,

And murky darkness leads th' ill-omen'd bride,

Harmonious mirth was hush'd, and conscious night

Alone attended on the luckless rite.

Ne'er did the blabbing morn's returning flame

Descry the lover, or divulge the dame;

For o'er the narrow streight the youth return'd,

And breathing still desire, insatiate burn'd.

Nor knew her friends their Hero's happy life,

By day a virgin, and by night a wife;

While each fond heart accus'd the tardy day,
And chid the morn, and hail'd the west'ring ray.
Thus to clandestine Cytherea dear,
Their am'rous souls her secret pleasures share,
But short-liv'd were the sleepless joys they taste,
Th' ill-fated Hymen was not doom'd to last.
For winter's hoary scenes the year deform,
Whirling in air thick sweeps the yelling storm;
Lash'd by the incessant blast, old Ocean leaves
His still retreats, loud roar the whit'ning waves;
Oft breaks the ship along the Thracian strand,
And shipwreck'd sailors hardly gain the land.
But not th' inclement waves or wintry roar,
Too vent'rous youth, could drive thee from the shore:
Th' inviting beacon at the nuptial hour
Unpitying calls thee to th' accustom'd tow'r,

Faithless, forgetful calls; in times like these,
Unhappy Hero, should its office cease;
Safe rest your lover, from the wintry war,
Nor light in adverse skies so faint a star:
But sterner fate prevails, its glimm'rings prove
Funereal beams, no more the rays of love.

'Twas night, and raging thro' the vault of Heaven,
Howl'd the wild blasts, in eddying whirlwind driv'n;
Contending blasts their eddying whirlwinds crost,
And pour'd impetuous on the troubled coast.
Ah! then Leander to th' expecting bride,
Borne on the hoarse resounding surges, hied;
Waves roll'd on rolling waves their force confound,
Sea flies in air, loud yells the tempest round;
Eurus and Zephyr join in horrid jar,
Notus defies the north to mutual war,

And Ocean groaning from his farthest shore,
Rings to the troubled air th' incessant roar.
But poor Leander from the whirling wave
Oft call'd the sea-born nymph to hear and save,
Oft to the sea's relentless monarch pray'd,
And Boreas, who forgets th' Athenian maid. [b]
But ah! th' unpitying pow'rs no prayer could move,
And fate remorseless mock'd the tears of love:
Collecting all the force of angry heaven,
Full at the youth the roaring surge was driven:
Fainting he reel'd, then fail'd his active feet,
His hands half numb'd no more the billows beat,
Oft in his throat a briny flood distill'd,
His groaning breast the whelming ocean fill'd,
The lamp expir'd, in raging whirlwinds tost,
And life and love, unhappy youth, were lost.

[b] Orithyia.

The blushing dawn return'd, and long in vain
She scan'd with anxious gaze th' extent of main,
Long sought, if by the faithless torch betray'd,
He roam'd bewilder'd in th' uncertain shade;
At last she sees him on the rocky shore,
Breathless and pale, beneath th' accustom'd tow'r;
Swift from her frantic breast the tunic rends,
And headlong whirling from her height descends,
Draws on the mangled corse her latest breath,
In life united, nor disjoin'd in death.

Pub. May 1. 1802. by Payne & Mackinlay, Strand.

# THE RAPE OF EUROPA.

*From the Greek of Moschus.*

When morn approach'd, and scarce the third of night
With ling'ring step delay'd her tardy flight,
When deeper sleep on every eyelid stole,
And softer chains fast bound the melting soul,

To young Europa's couch the queen of love
A vision sent, when dreams prophetic prove.
Phœnix' illustrious seed, a lovely maid,
Securely sleeping, press'd her downy bed;
In hostile guise two female forms appear,
And gorgeous robes and royal crowns they wear;
The genius this of Asia's smiling land,
The guardian that of Europe's haughty strand:
The last a stranger seem'd, with trembling care
The other fast embrac'd the darling fair,
Conjur'd her stay by every sacred claim,
A mother's rights, a nurse's honour'd name;
The stranger nymph, in spite of all more strong,
Seiz'd her warm hand, and drag'd her steps along;
Nor drag'd reluctant; fate had smil'd, she said,
And call'd the virgin to the thund'rer's bed.

Pale from the couch she starts in wild affright,
So true she deem'd the vision of the night;
Silent she sat, and long before her eyes
Faint fleeting forms and struggling nymphs arise.
More calm at length, she gave her passion vent—
'Ah! whence those forms, and what their strange portent?
What airy shapes disturb my wonted rest,
Cheat my clos'd eye, and fright my beating breast?
What strange regretted nymph that dragging smil'd?
What friend embrac'd and claim'd me for her child?
If ought of ill they mean, avert it, Jove;
And if prophetic, happy may they prove.'
She said, and rose; then call'd her train divine,
Equal their age, their love, their noble line;
Full many a sprightly dance they knew to weave,
Full oft they sought with her the glassy wave;

O'er her fair limbs the liquid crystal spread,
Cull'd the fresh flow'rs, or frolic'd o'er the mead;
Smiling they came, and each a basket held,
Together then they sought the flow'ry field,
Where oft the blushing roses court their stay,
And murm'ring billows sooth each care away.

A golden vase the young Europa bore,
Wond'rous the work, and brilliant was the ore;
The wond'rous work immortal Vulcan gave,
When Libya wed the tyrant of the wave,
To fair Telephaessa next consign'd,
Join'd in their friendships, in their blood too join'd,
From her Europa, by a daughter's claim,
Unmarry'd yet, receiv'd the heavenly frame.
Here many a tale in breathing sculpture told,
Richly relieves th' half animated gold,

Inachian Iö here a brutal form,

Plows the wide deep, and dares th' approaching storm;

High on a lofty rock's impending brow

Two figures stand who mark her course below;

Here Jove relenting, with all-pow'rful hand

Restores her shape on Nilus' shelvy sand,

Silver the wave, the heifer seems to move

In ductile brass, in gold th' immortal Jove.

Here mounted high beneath the vase's round

Young Hermes stands, and lightly treads the ground;

Bath'd in his blood beside him Argus lies,

The far-fam'd Argus with his sleepless eyes;

A glittering bird, of various plumage proud,

Stalks new created from the traitor's blood,

Expands his beauties like some silken sail [c]

That courts on summer seas the flagging gale,

[c] The image here is different from the original, which it

Round all the brim the glittering wonder roll'd,

Such, and so rich, was wrought the burnish'd gold.

Soon on the shore the laughter-loving train

Dispute the prizes of the ransack'd plain;

For them the daffodil or violet bloom,

The lily pale, the wild thyme's rich perfume,

For them the crocus breathes its odours round,

And many a flow'r forsakes its native ground;

Still fairest of the troop the princess chose

Th' unrival'd fragrance of the opening rose,

Transcendent charms o'er all her person move,

So Venus triumphs in the court of love.

Ah, careless sports of youth, how soon you past!

Ah, virgin innocence, not doom'd to last!

would be unnecessary to notice, except that the author might otherwise have been accused of a mistake, where for the sake of the poetry he made an intentional deviation from the Greek passage.

For while th' eternal sire the princess view'd,
Unusual pangs his mighty mind subdued,
Fierce pangs by Venus sent, whose pow'r alone
Binds e'en the tyrant of th' Olympian throne,
To Juno's jealous eye the god conceal'd,
A beauteous bull he frolic'd o'er the field,
In wanton semblance hides the artful snare,
To cheat the simple unsuspecting fair;
Not such the bulls our earthly stalls contain,
Drag the dull plough, and turn the yielding plain,
Not such as feed yon velvet meads among,
Or faint and wearied, draw the car along;
O'er all his limbs a yellow radiance glows,
A silver star his open forehead shews,
And soft desire still glistening in his eye,
Shoots living lightnings from an azure sky;

Small equal horns on either side appear,

Such as an early moon is wont to bear;

No panic dread his near approach inspires,

But frolic sports and innocent desires,

Ambrosial odours all around him spread,

And mix their fragrance with the dewy mead.

Now near the queen th' Olympian monarch prest,

Roll'd round her feet, her hands, her neck caress'd,

Whilst from his lips she wiped the foam away,

And kiss'd the wanton god in am'rous play.

Softly he lows; Mygdonia's vales around

So softly swells the flute's enchanting sound;

Th' insidious god low kneeling by her side,

Spreads his broad back, and tempts her treach'rous ride;

His wily arts th' admiring fair betray'd,

And laughing, thus exclaim'd the simple maid:

'Hither, oh hither! dear companions, haste,
On this soft throne shall all our troop be placed:
See, like some ship that stems the wat'ry main,
How easily he'll bear the joyous train;
Unlike his kind, while nature has supplied
Half-reas'ning arts, and scarcely speech deny'd.'
Around him still th' admiring cowards hung,
While laughing, on his back Europa sprung:
Swift rose the god, and soon his prize he bore
Where whit'ning billows kiss'd th' extremest shore.
With many a longing look th' affrighted maid
Implores with outstretch'd arms their fruitless aid,
In vain implores, he spurns the ocean's bound,
Springs to the wave, and billows whiten round.
About the king from ocean's inmost caves
The Nereids rose and frolic'd o'er the waves,

And each the monsters of the deep bestrode.

And Neptune's self above the billows rode,

Smooth'd the rough surge, while Tritons thronging round,

With vocal shells loud hymeneals sound:

High on the monarch's ample shoulders borne,

Fast in one hand she grasps the polish'd horn,

In many a fold around her snowy breast

Her loosely flowing robe the other prest,

Which lightly streaming o'er the azure main,

Floats on the surge, or drops its briny rain;

Behind her rosy neck th' embroider'd veil

Buoys her light limb, and courts th' auspicious gale;

Yet ah! when now she rolls her eyes around,

No more her native shores th' horizon bound,

No sea-beat shores, no tow'ring hills arise,

But pathless seas and all-surrounding skies,

Sick'ning with fear she sat, and murmurs low
Thus from her aching artless bosom flow:
'Where, treach'rous monster, whither dost thou lead,
Unterrify'd thyself, a trembling maid?
Whence art thou, tell me? can that brutal form
Vie with the lofty bark that braves the storm?
Or think'st thou in the briny wave to find
The springs, the pastures, which thou leav'st behind?
Perhaps some god—yet ah! some dire design
Prompts thee, unworthy of a name divine:
Yet sure no earthly bull would tempt the main,
Nor join th' unwieldy dolphin's boist'rous reign,
Whilst he by land, by sea, with magic force,
Unhurt, and fearless, steers his destin'd course,
And soon, alas! yon screaming birds among
May rise in air, and bear my woes along.

Curst be the hour whence from my country torn,
My friends, my parents left, ah, left forlorn!
Heedless I rov'd: oh, monarch of the main!
Hear, and relieve a wretched virgin's pain;
For sure you view me from your dark abode,
Nor are your wat'ry realms without their god.'
Thus spoke the nymph, and thus the king reply'd—
'Fair lovely maid, ah! lay your fears aside;
Almighty Jove beneath this borrow'd form
Plows the wide ocean, and dispels the storm:
Wonder no more; omnipotent, I change
Through every shape in Nature's boundless range,
And now through ocean's pathless realms I rove,
The prize of beauty, and the slave of love:
There fertile Crete, my native land, extends;
In joyous nuptials there your journey ends;

And thence the seed of Jove, through every land,
Thy sacred sons, shall stretch their proud command.'
He spoke, and Crete within her ample breast
Receives the maid, the godhead shines confest;
Charm'd with his beauteous prize, her steps he led
Where the glad hours prepar'd the bridal bed;
And soon her sons bespeak their noble line,
And hail her mother of a race divine.

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# MONODY

## ON THE DEATH OF BION.

*Imitated from the Greek of Moschus.*

WEEP every crystal fount and Dorian spring,
Each sacred river weep, your Bion is no more—
Through every tangled dell and pathless grove
Let sounds of Pity swell,

And tear-drops stand on every opening flower:
Let Nature mourn, as round his grave she strows
The pallid, drooping, solitary rose,
Or weaves the violet o'er the hallow'd dead!
Still at his tomb let hyacinthus grow,
Inwrought with deeper woe;
The muses pride, the joy of life, is fled!
Begin, Sicilian muse! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

Sad Philomel, that in the cypress shade
Mournest the minstrel youth in vain,
Tell to the listening nymphs that round thee lave
In Arethusa's welling wave,
The life, the glory of the plain, is dead;
That Doria's reed is heard no more,
And all the rapture of the lyre is o'er.

Begin, Sicilian muse! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

Ye tenants of old Strymon's sedgy plain,
Melodious swans, ye catch the tuneful woe,
(Your white breasts trembling on the stream)
And pour for Bion lost the mournful strain;
So sweet his warbled notes would flow.
Ocagria's nymphs in silence weep around,
And all Bistonia's groves repeat the sacred sound.
Again, Sicilian muse! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

No more at early dawn the peopled plain
Wakes to the warblings of the Dorian flute,
No more beneath the branching oak he sits,

And hears the woodlands wild resound the strain.
Ah me! they mourn in vain;
The cot, the woodland, and the vale, is mute.
Sunk in the deep and silent shade
Of death's cold realm, his hands the lyre explore
To sooth the spectre king; no more
Yon mountain hoar his carol'd notes shall sound,
But solitude and sorrow reign around.
Again, Sicilian muse! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

Thee, Bion! thee the patron of the lyre,
Apollo mourn'd, and thee the sylvan train
Through all their green retreats lamented loud:
In sullen murmurs from the crystal well
The tear-fraught torrents swell,

And mimic sighs along their reeds expire.
Thee lovelorn Echo wails, of voice bereft,
Echo, the loveliest of the Oread train,
As on the yawning cleft
Of some deserted rock she strays,
No more responsive to thy raptur'd lays.
Astonish'd Nature sees th' untimely storm,
And blighting East her opening buds deform,
And withering flowers defraud the ruin'd plain.
Again, Sicilian muse! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

Oh, best belov'd! oh, long lamented! tell
Who to the Dorian pipe succeeds?
Where still thy lingering accents seem to swell,
Where still thy breath hangs in the charmed reeds.

Ah no! in sleep and silence bound,
Dear to the sylvan god those reeds remain!
No sacrilegious lip be found
To bid them breathe again—
The God himself shall still the gift revere,
For once the God himself was rival'd there.
Again, Sicilian muse! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

Thee Galatea mourn'd, her poet lost—
Oft on the wave-worn margent of the main
With thee the nymph would sit the livelong day,
In rapt attention to thy measur'd lay;
Not such the lays her giant lover sung,
Not such the voice she fled: at thy soft strain
From ocean's lap the greenhair'd nereid sprung;

And now, forgetful, on the sounding shore,
Where whitening billows round her roar,
Musing she tracks the solitary coast,
And weeps, ah! vainly weeps, her poet lost.
Again, Sicilian muse! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

With thee the transport of the lyre,
With thee the muse's dearest gifts are gone,
The graces and the loves are flown,
And at thy tomb mourn their extinguish'd fire.
Not more for young Adonis slain
Did Venus, bending o'er the bier,
Silent pour the pearly tear.
Oh Meles, sacred stream! a fresher woe
Bids, fraught with tears, thy torrent flow,

And shock with tenfold roar the murmuring main;
As once it did, when he, the heir of fame,
The glory of the lyre, the Grecian pride,
Homer, thy godlike offspring, was no more.
Know, sacred stream,
A second Homer in thy Bion died——
Father of verse, what strains were thine?
The blooming Spartan's fatal charms,
Of Peleus' son the wrath divine,
And war's vindictive scourge, and all the pride of arms
Not such the lays that Bion sung;
List'ning to his Dorian measures,
Lightly danc'd the frolic pleasures,
And shepherd girls around him hung:
He taught their rosy cheeks to glow,
The honey of their lips to flow,

For sweetly lull'd upon his breast
Love reclin'd, a harmless guest,
And Venus near her raptur'd child,
Pleas'd at the strain, exulting smil'd.
Again, Sicilian muse! the grief prolong,
And steep in tears the melancholy song.

The garden's pride, the firstlings of the year,
Pale primroses and violets strew the ground,
And with'ring droop in spring's meridian reign;
Anon their sweets repair,
Diffusing odours round,
And wake to rapture the reviving plain;
But we, when fate's remorseless pow'r
Hastens th' inevitable hour,
And points the downward path to Pluto's shade,

Heroes and gods resist in vain:
" Each in his narrow cell for ever laid"
No more we rise again:
For ever and for ever o'er,
The dream of life can cheat no more,
Light lies the green-swerd on thy breast;
Chain'd is the tuneful tongue
Where music's sweetest air and pleasures hung,
And fraught with love's ethereal heat,
Thy trembling heart has ceas'd to beat,
By death's cold hand opprest.
Long groans and melancholy sounds succeed,
And drown the sorrows of the Dorian reed.

## ON THE EVENING STAR.

*MOSCHUS.*

Hail, Hesperus! bright torch of beauty's queen,
Dear sacred gem of dewy evening, hail!
So shine thy rays above her spangled sheen,
As glows the moon above thy radiance pale.

When to th' accustom'd fair my footsteps stray,
Now timely shine, for lo, the changeful moon
Drives her dim chariot in the blaze of day,
And envious sets ere half the night be done.

No plunder tempts me through the treach'rous shade,
For me no nightly traveller shall mourn;
'Tis Love that calls thee, be his voice obey'd;
Sweet is her love, and claims a sweet return.

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